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The Wellesley Prelude

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# The Wellesley Prelude

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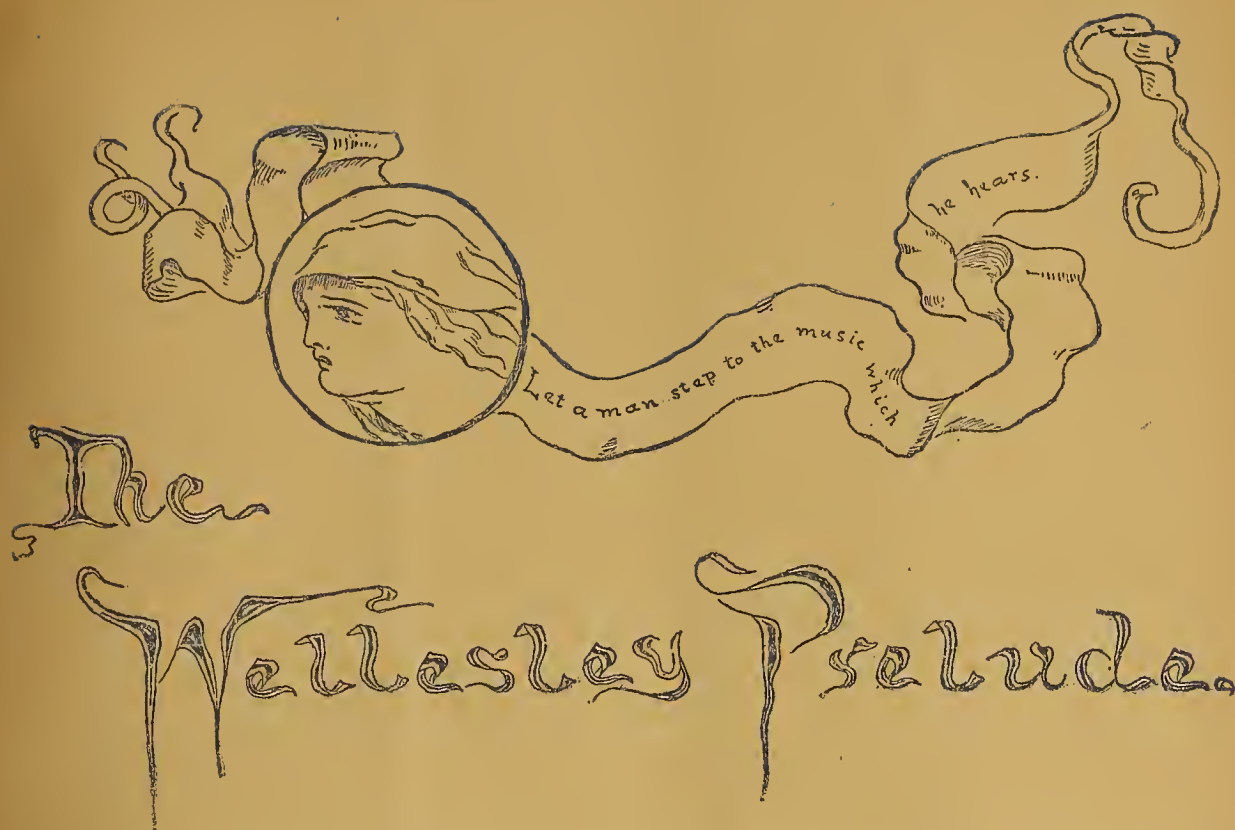
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# THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. II.

BOSTON, MASS., NOVEMBER, 8, 1890.

No. 8

## The Wellesley Prelude.

Edited by the Students of Wellesley College and published weekly during the college year. Price, \$2.00 a year, in advance. Single copies, 10 cents.

### EDITORS:

EMILY I. MEADER, '91.

ESTHER BAILEY, '91. KATHERINE F. GLEASON, '91.  
CORNELIA E. GREEN, '92. BLANCHE B. BAKER, '92.  
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CHARLOTTE F. ROBERTS, '80.

All literary communications from the students of the College should be sent to LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnae Editor, Miss Charlotte F. Roberts, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions should be sent, *in all cases*, to Esther Bailey, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

ADVERTISEMENTS and other business communications should be addressed to Brown Bros., 43 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

*Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.*

IT is a fact worthy of consideration that the contributions to the Concert Fund do not increase proportionally with the number of students, but rather have grown less during the past few years. It is certainly true that formerly the girls contributed more freely to this object than they do now. Whether the retrogression is due to the presence of less musical appreciation among us or to too little consideration of the subject is uncertain. It is much more agreeable to suppose that the latter is the case.

So many demands are constantly made upon loyal students that at last it seems as if we must stop somewhere. But before we decide that the Concert Fund offers a convenient field for economy, it would be well to reflect that this is not strictly a college expense, but one which would be incurred anywhere. The money spent at home for the same purpose would amount to quite a considerable sum. Here opportunities are afforded to enjoy the best music in our own Chapel. The compositions of

inspired masters are rendered by performers of remarkable attainments. The tickets to such concerts would amount to a dollar a piece, if they were given publicly. If we had no concerts at all the lack would be seriously felt. The two concerts of this year have been of the order of the finest and most delightful, forming a large part of the term's pure enjoyment. As one of the pleasantest features of the Wellesley life, this cause deserves hearty support.

The first meeting of the Christian Association, a report of which will be found in THE NEWS OF THE WEEK, serves as a reminder that the Association is much diminished in numbers, and therefore in strength, by the loss of the members of last year's graduating class. It is the part of the new students to see that the ranks are again filled, and that, too, in the early part of the year, so that the work of the Association may go on to greater advantage.

This movement is one with which almost any student may identify herself without hesitation; for the pledge does not involve any doctrinal points, but may be taken alike by members of all denominations, being simply a declaration of the resolution to lead a Christian life. This is the only means Wellesley students have of participating in any Christian movement here in College, and if the number of members be considerably increased, the Association will be more worthy to stand as the representative of Christian activity in Wellesley.

She said it was only a tear-drop—

Yet I saw it kiss her cheek,

And it hung there, a glittering crystal,

Waiting to hear her speak.

Now if it was only a tear-drop,

And yet had joys so great,

May not I, though I'm only her lover,

Expect a still happier fate?—T. K., '91.



## IN THE HAPPY ISLES.

It chanced, one golden October day, that I fell into a deep muse in the library over a book of travellers' tales. It was not a philosophic work nor yet a scientific, to our modern way of thinking. It would not add much to the ethnologic, to the geologic, to the geographic, to the philologic category of human knowledge. But, far better, it was full of great Marvelles and wonderful Tales. Sir John de Mandeville wrote it, five centuries ago. It is one of the inviolate treasures of the past, such a book as can never again be written unless Time himself runs backward. We would not exchange it for a shelf of scientific travels. We learn of how Roses first comen into the world, of trees that do beare Honey, Meale, and Wine, of the Welle that chaungeth his odour every houre of the day and that is Marvelle, of folkes of diverse shapes and marvellously disfigured, of Hilles of Gold, of rivers of stone, of enchanted vales, and of Paradise.

I read the story of Paradise as I sat there in the library in my favorite alcove.

"Of Paradise I cannot speak properly, for I have never been there. It is far beyond and that I repented and also I was not worthy. But as I have heard say of wise men beyond, I will tell you with good will. Earthly Paradise, as wise men say, is the highest point of the earth, that is, in all the world; and it is so high that it nearly touches the circle of the moon as the moon turns. For it is so high that the flood of Noah could not reach it, but covered the rest of the world, above and below. And this Paradise is enclosed all around with a wall, and men know not whereof it is. And it has but one entrance, which is closed by burning fire so that no mortal dare enter."

"It is far beyond and that I repented and also I was not worthy," I pondered. My thoughts turned to travellers of other times who had sought for Paradise. Some had found it far beyond, others had repented them of their purpose, few had been found worthy. I thought of that other wanderer Ulysses, of his longing for that untravelled land whose margin faded forever and forever as he moved. Had he found his happy isles and seen the great Achilles whom he knew? I thought of others of our day who had sought for earthly Para-

dise amid the ice-fields of the Pole, who had followed knowledge like a sinking star, and whom the gulfs had irrecoverably washed down. I looked at my shelves and saw the quiet assemblage of books, still voices of travellers of all times and lands. There they stood, side by side. Herodotus, Humboldt, Captain Cook, Tacitus, Marco Polo, Lady Dixie, Sir Walter Raleigh, Dr. Kane, Sindbad the Sailor, Hanno the Carthaginian, Sebastian Cabot, Sir Hugh Willoughby, Chateaubriand, Stanley, Lamartine, Columbus, Ponce de Leon, Crusaders, Argonauts, and even that keen-eyed traveller who made a tour around his chamber.

"Have they all met now," I pondered, "as they meet here on my shelves?"

Then it was that I closed my eyes to the glory of the eve without and when I opened them I found myself, not within four walls, but in the free, open air in the midst of a glorious country. It was bathed in a rosy light that was neither of morning nor yet of afternoon, but ineffably peaceful and lovely. White towers and turrets gleamed here and there among green forests, and far away I could discern the sparkle of waters that met the horizon. I looked at the sky. It was of a deep, clear, violet hue, such as the Greeks have sung, but from horizon to horizon no sun. Just behind me was an orchard whose little gray-green leaves twinkled in the breeze. Through the aisles of the trees I thought I saw beyond the purple lustre of grapes on a trellis. Turning around, I saw below this hill-side an avenue guarded by a row of flaming maples. Beyond the maples, on the opposite side of the road, was the tinted snow of an orchard in bloom. Had Spring and Autumn met at last, and Orient and Occident?

It seemed to me most like that

"Island-valley of Avilion

Where falls not hail or rain or any snow  
Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies  
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns  
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea."

"Your servant, Madam," said a gentle voice at my side, "Is there any information I can give you?"

I started and saw a man beside me, clothed like an Oriental in rich, gay garments. His black eyes and olive complexion were set off by a gold-embroidered turban which was twisted round his head in Arabian-Nights fashion.

"Thank you, sir," I replied, "You doubtless noted the bewilderment of my face. Where am I? What is this land?"

My friend smiled, and his eyes were momentarily illumined with that rich lustre that only an Oriental's smile, I think, can impart. "You wished a moment ago to meet the travellers of the world. You have your wish. The name of the land? We who live here call it by no name, for we cannot find a name lovely enough. Before we came we called it by many names. Some called it Avalon, some Paradise, and others, Beulah. It was the Garden of Eden, Utopia, Eldorado. We named it Elysium, Arcadia, the Fortunate Isles. But whatsoever we sought who sailed hither, it proved our striven-for goal."

Again his face was lighted with that rich smile.

"Yonder are two men," he said, "who meet for the first time. The land is wide, and there are many who do not yet know each other, for those who once land desire to sail no further. But to-day all travellers meet, for so the King has ordained."

I saw two men pacing up and down the road in earnest converse. One was clad in a white himation falling in classic folds from his shoulder. He had a broad brow, finely-cut features and a frank, simple smile. The other seemed a Spaniard or an Italian. He wore a pointed beard and through the girdle of his velvet coat a dagger was thrust. A silver cross hung from his neck. We moved forward to meet them. They saluted us with suave courtesy. My companion and I fell back a little, and the two continued their talk.

"You spoke of gold-ants," quoth the Spaniard.

"Yes," replied the Greek, "they are, I heard reported as I travelled about the earth, very numerous in the extreme end of the world. They are somewhat bigger than foxes, but not so big as dogs. They run with exceeding swiftness, so that there is nothing in the world like them. The earth that they throw up is pure gold and vast in quantity.

"Ay," quoth the Spaniard, "Then in your time too there were fables of gold. So it was that for gold in my time men sought the New World."

"The New World?" queried the Greek.

"The New World, that I discovered, by the aid of the Holy Virgin. Though others had found it

before me,—Sebastian Cabot, and Vikings from the north. The New World where the Red Men lived, and the rivers were full of fish, the woods of deer, and the mountains of gold."

"Mountains of gold?" I heard a third voice echo. I saw that another had joined our party. His beard was long, and on his hat we wore a cockle-shell.

"There's a vale full of gold," he said, "that I and my men came to in our travels. It was called the Perilous Vale, for it was full of devils. And those who entered it for the sake of the gold and treasures therein hid, were anon strangled of devils."

My Oriental companion now accosted me, saying, "We are coming to a grove where you will meet many travellers more. You will see many whose journeying has never been written—Hanno the Carthagian, that daring voyager of old. He even rounded the Cape of Good Hope. And thus he provided food for himself and crew. Every spring-time he landed on the coast, wherever he might be, sowed seed, and waited until autumn, then reaped the harvest he had sown and sailed on again. For three years he journeyed thus."

At this point the Greek turned around and spoke to me:

"Lady, this Hanno said,—some may believe him. but I, for one, do not—that when he returned, voyaging up the other side of Libya, he had the sun on his right hand."

"Perhaps, sir, I can explain the phenomenon," said a man who had just stepped up. He looked like a German or Prussian, and carried a geologist's hammer.

I listened and heard him explain to the ancient the truths grown so familiar to us concerning our astronomical system. He produced a map of the world, which Herodotus examined with interest, comparing it with one of his own which he had drawn two thousand years before.

"It often seemed to me very foolish," he said, "that certain persons knowing little or nothing at all about the shape of the world and the position of the lands within it, should draw maps, setting forth things that are not so, and especially foolish seemed those who made Oceanus, a stream running around the earth and encircling it. But now truly, my friend, I see that I was as foolish as they, in that



I drew the earth as flat and not round, and was ignorant of half the lands that the earth holds."

The noble Prussian then told his companion of his own travels and of how, in a land beyond the sunset to the old Greek, he had traced the course of a mighty flood.

"And your hairy men, O Herodotus," he said, "that climb the tallest trees with wonderful dexterity,—yes, I have read your book—they are not men, but monkeys. I have seen them on the earth caged and tamed in many cities."

"But, though man is many stages removed from the monkey," I heard a third voice say, in tones unmistakably English, and in the discussion that followed I recognized the familiar terms of evolution, and knew with what new spirit we had fallen in.

We had now neared the grove of oaks that was our destination. Many people were there already, gathered in knots beneath the trees. My attention was drawn toward three men who stood near me. I listened and heard them talk. One told of his travels in the heart of Africa to follow out the windings of the Niger, of the banditti he encountered, the tigers, the fierce Kafirs, the burning sands, the scorching simoon. The second told of his long search for the North-East passage, of how, in the thick mist of a stormy night on the Norwegian coast, he left his companion-ship, never to see it again. I heard the name of Chancellor, and of the pinnacle Confidence. The third told his long vain search for a fountain of perpetual youth, amid the palms and streams of a wild southern land.

Another had joined our group.

"I myself know of those Northern seas that have been mentioned," he said, "I sailed them—how long ago!"

"When was it, good sir?" asked Sir Hugh Willoughby, the Northern traveller.

"Four hundred years after the first Olympiad. I lived at Massilia in Gaul. Sailing thence in a merchant-vessel which I had manned, I found, far to the east, the Tin Isles, and turning my ship northward I came to a land, Ultima Thule, where there was perpetual light. But beyond I dared not venture, for the air was filled with a substance thick and dark that prevented our progress. We had come to the farthest boundary of nature.

My travels have not been written, and many, I

doubt not, have since discovered other islands and other seas, and won a lasting fame."

A courtly gentleman stepped forward, with powdered curls falling upon a richly wrought coat. Jewels gleamed upon his fingers and on the buckles of his pointed shoes.

"Pytheas, think not you are unknown to fame. I, one even in those Tin Isles which you have found, have heard and seen your name. In my youth my masters at school caused me to trace upon the map your route. And, Pytheas, your Cassiterides, the Tin Isles, now called the British Isles, are the seat of a mightier empire than was ever Greece or Rome.

From those Isles I set sail in my vessel, and many another gallant vessel went with us, by order of our Virgin Queen. I well-nigh perished in those fearsome northern seas."

Herodotus had left the Spaniard now, and was listening to the words of a stranger, clad, it seemed to me, like a Norseman, and as if to meet the inclemency of the harsh northern climate. Said Herodotus:

"I was told, but I scarcely believed it, of a land beyond the Scythians where the air was full of feathers so that with difficulty one might proceed."

"Snow!" exclaimed the bronze-visaged stranger, with an expressive shrug of his shoulders.

"And beyond the Scythians," continued Herodotus, "there are high mountains and impassable, and beyond those mountains they say a people live who sleep half the year, but that I cannot believe."

"True enough!" said the fur-clad stranger, "such as the Esquimaux and Laplanders. They are benumbed by night and cold."

A Roman joined our group and said, adding his tale of wonder to those that had been already related:

"I have heard of a sea, dark and almost motionless, by which the orb of the world is encircled and surrounded. There the last rays of the setting sun endure until the rising. Moreover the sound of Him can be heard as He emerges, and even the shapes of horses are visible, and the rays of His head."

Then the fur-clad traveller told them of his own travels in the land of the midnight sun:

"We sailed in search of the North-west Bay in

two ships, the Erebus and the Terror. Lady, was it worth while? We left our records, brief but dreadful, in a cairn at Point Victory."

"Your log-book has been found," I made answer, thinking of the ten weary years of wifely fidelity and despair before even those brief records had disclosed the fate of the heroes.

"But there are many who suffered as we did,"—as another drew near—"and who accomplished more."

The eyes of all were now turned toward the newcomer; and the Roman addressed him, saying, "You too, sir, tell me of your travels."

"The summer there in the north, as I overheard you, Sir Pytheas, remark concerning Thule, is perpetual sunshine. At midnight the sun sets, and in a few moments reappears above the horizon. Then I have often seen the glow of sunset mingled with the glow of sunrise."

He turned to our toga-clad friend who bore quite plainly the stamp of Rome upon his brow, and bowing, said,

"So you yourself, sir, discovered in your *Germania*, eighteen hundred years ago.

On the twenty-second of September the sun sets and—does not rise again until the twenty-second of March. Fancy that night, gentlemen, four thousand hours long!"

"The fable of the Cimmerians!" exclaimed the Roman.

The traveller went on to tell his listeners of his explorations for those "quiet seas, supposed to sleep about the sleeping pole."

"My men how bravely they endured it all! I found them one day, when we were making our way through those ice-fields, in search then of our ship only, fallen down on the terrible snow and beginning to slumber. 'They were not cold, the wind did not enter them now, a little sleep was all they wanted.'

But we played our games in the noon-day darkness, with starlight for sunshine, we told our stories, we named, for amusement, the glaciers and ice-caverns, and we had our gazette even,—it served to hearten my comrades a little—the 'Ice-Blink,' we called it.

Our motto, *In tenebris unam fidem.*"

The Roman's eyes kindled.

"Our language then remained."

"And ever will remain," we all responded.

My guide now led me through the pleasant aisles of the trees to another part of the grove, where I met that Venetian traveller who in the Dark Ages voyaged far to the east, penetrating even to the sacred banks of the Ganges. He told me of Ceylon, of strange idol-worships, of Zanzibar.

I met, too one of very noble mein, upon whose head some goddess surely had showered down graces, and his voice was sweet like music. He told me of Circe, of the Sirens, of the Oxen of the Sun, but best I loved to hear of happy Phaeacia, and of the bright-fruited gardens of Alkinotus.

"Princess," he addressed me, "I think it surely would gladden the heart in your bosom if you might see for a time beneath the thick-foliaged poplars, for perchance an Immortal might grant you the gift, a traveller very ancient, most ancient of all who have made far journeys, either on land, or in curved ships cutting the wine-flashing billows. Arbates his name, O lady, and he was a priest of the far-darting god Apollo. To him, for the god loved him well, he gave a magic arrow, such as Apollo himself from his dread-sounding bow would send forth. And on this arrow, O lady, that Apollo the god vouchsafed him, he went round the world in a space of three days, without either eating or drinking. Winged words I speak and true. For the gods do what it pleases them."

This Arbates I longed to meet and to tell him of our swift travel by the aid of sun and water, a tale as wonderful as the tale of the magic arrow.

The next man I spoke with was a little officer with glittering epaulets and a pair of very fierce mustaches. His adventures it seemed, had been extremely varied and his prowess and dexterity unusual. On one occasion the Czar had made him a personal acknowledgement of his services in the shape of a tiara of emeralds, each as large as a hen's egg.

"That reminds me," said the mellow, laughing voice of the Oriental, "of my friend Sindbad the sailor. He, too, can tell stories of eggs and of strange birds that carried him."

There was a ripple of laughter, and a black-eyed Frenchman appeared, all smiles and bows, who said:

"Ah, my good friends, but I could tell you tales



worth bearing indeed, of twenty thousand leagues under the sea and of my trip to the moon."

My guide took me by the hand and led me out of the grove. We left behind us the chequered gold and shade of the leafy chambers, the whispering trees, the motley throng. I saw many phantoms of famous travellers whose happy eyes welcomed me as I passed them. But on we went till we reached the flaming maples and the avenue that we had seen before. A few steps farther, and we came to a little hillock crowned by a summer-house, ivy-wreathed and hung with fairy flowers. Here I rested and when I inquired the hour of the day, my guide replied :

"We know not time, nor clime, nor season."

As I gazed out of the flower-framed windows the country again lay before me, fair and broad. Far away, and yet so clear was the atmosphere that I could plainly discern them, was a band of men steadily approaching. High in their midst was borne something bright and yellow, a dazzle of pure color, like a great, gleaming blossom. I could hear their glad cries, and foremost of them all was one whose mighty shoulders bore a lion's skin.

"The Argonauts! the Argonauts! The Golden Fleece!" I cried.

The vision vanished. For a few minutes we could hear the murmur of voices from the grove opposite. Then, of a sudden the noise was hushed. The mellow light that beamed from the sky, had it suffered an eclipse? Or was it only the silence that enveloped us like a chilly shade? I heard the sound of steps, a shadow fell across the road. There was a windy rustle of garments and a figure advanced to view, clad in fantastic raiment that looked as grey as Time. A cold fog seemed to fall upon us as he approached. The nimble Oriental sprang forward, and would have detained him with hospitable hand. The garments of the Stranger melted like a mist beneath his grasp, as, unswerving, unstopping, he pressed forward like a dumb, desperate creature who ceaselessly seeks an impossible goal.

"Look!" cried the Oriental, as he returned to my side. I heard the monotonous beat of distant feet, and, far away, the land was dark with a vast, moving body. Nearer and nearer, till I saw a mixed multitude of men, women, and children. On they

came, and with them the strains of Latin hymns that floated long and sweet, in pathetic triumph, upon the air. Nearer and nearer, white banners undulated in the breeze, palms waved, the Red-Cross flashed. The Latin words rang clear :

*"Christum benedicimus."*

The Stranger was not yet out of sight. He turned, and I caught his eyes for an instant—haunted eyes of illimitable despair that struck horror to my soul. I cried aloud. I awoke. The Oriental, the Pilgrims, the Stranger,—all had disappeared.

Where was I? In the library. It was dark. The starlight glimmered through the window. But methought I could still hear the faint strains of the hymn :

*"Adoramus, vicimus."*

*Florence Wilkinson, '92.*

#### AN ISOLATED FACT.

##### I.

Once upon an evening dreadful  
While I sat with my poor head full  
Of the psychological truths from Mr. Dewey's mind  
that pour,  
Softly o'er my senses stealing,  
Came a weird and gruesome feeling,  
Quite unlike to the sensations I'd been pondering sadly  
o'er,  
Quite unlike to these sensations, yet perhaps a combination  
And a mystic complication of them all,—and nothing  
more.

##### II.

Now my evening's occupation  
Had been studying relation  
Which each object of this world to other objects bore.  
Reading, "Objects isolated,  
From all others separated,  
Are not known, and ne'er have been,"—any thinker it  
would floor.  
O, our Dewey, much respected! what strange language,  
if expected  
To think of thing, all unconnected with aught ever  
know before,)  
And I murmured, quite dejected, "Nothing new, O  
what a bore!"

##### III.

And I raised my eyes and pondered  
Far from study my eyes wandered  
Up and up, and up, and o'er all the world they seemed  
to soar.



And I saw strange, fleeting Fancies  
 On dim chaos' formless shore.  
 Saw them meet, and mix, and mingle,  
 Saw them separate, and single  
 Sweep along mad chaos' shore,  
 When that very curious feeling, that I've spoken of  
 before  
 Sent my airy visions reeling, brought me back to earth  
 once more.

## IV.

And I said, "It is my neighbors  
 At their intellectual labors  
 In their wild enthusiasm, they have shaken the house  
 floor.  
 'Neath some mighty inspiration  
 Or some sudden revelation  
 They have shaken the house floor,  
 This it is, and nothing more."  
 Thus I spake, with bitter smiling  
 Startled fancy now beguiling,  
 "Such a thing will often happen, when one's genius  
 fain would soar."

## V.

But alas! no common matter  
 Could have set my teeth a-chatter  
 Like a pair of castanets, that no fixed relation bore,  
 And I surely knew some  
 Awful grinning, grim and gruesome,  
 Ghastly thing I stood before  
 Though I could not surely place it, and most certainly  
 could not face it,  
 For I knew not where it was, whether out, beside or o'er.  
 I but knew that it existed, and I wanted nothing more.

## VI.

And I stood there, nothing hearing,  
 Nothing seeing, and yet fearing  
 Something more than Truth or Fancy ever yet had pon-  
 dered o'er,  
 Something structureless and formless,  
 Something harmful and yet harmless,  
 Just a shade and just a shadow, yet a shadow far, far  
 more  
 Real than all reality men of science have in store  
 This it was,—and something more.

## VII.

Heart and pulse began to flutter  
 Phrases I began to mutter  
 Scraps of verses, bits of fiction, that I'd learned in days  
 of yore,  
 With wild thoughts my brain was teeming,  
 When suddenly the dreadful meaning  
 Of the *Thing*, my soul down-bore.

And I knew it was my Mind, rising free and unconfined,  
 Going up to higher regions, leaving me in regions lower.  
 A thing no Higher Educated ever yet with patience bore.

## VIII.

As I stood with anguish panting,  
 I knew well that it was chanting  
 In a triumph, that my heart not too deeply could deplore,  
 "I'm a Fact, all isolated,  
 A Fact, wholly separated,  
 From that maiden on the floor  
 Let her spend her time in ruing, Dewey has been her  
 undoing.  
 Let her spend her hours in suing, let her seek and wail,  
 implore,  
 I've decided on reflection, that with her, my close con-  
 nection  
 Shall be broken evermore.

## IX.

"How she studied, analyzed me,  
 How she prodded me and "sized" me,  
 How with long words stigmatized me 'till my patience  
 she outwore,  
 For too little she has prized me, she has lost me ever-  
 more,  
 She has been extremely knowing, her enthusiasm  
 glowing  
 Needs a check. Away I soar. She will hold me never-  
 more."

## X.

"Friend," cried I then, quick upstarting,  
 "Be not this our hour of parting  
 You've been absent, very absent, many, many times  
 before.  
 Ease me in my mighty yearning,  
 As you've often done before,  
 Tell me that you'll be returning,"  
 Came the answer—my prayer spurning,—  
 "Never, nevermore!"

## XI.

Then I shrieked and danced and raved  
 One more moment yet I craved  
 "Stay with me one little moment only, I implore!  
 Give me but one more idea  
 In the lesson I have here,  
 For it comes at nine to-morrow—only one idea more."  
 But alas! the Isolated  
 Unconnected, unrelated  
 Was too glad at will to soar  
 Far from Dewey,—far away from psychic life.  
 But a thing all unrelated,  
 By space is not separated,  
 And tho' far away, it's shadow still my soul is brooding  
 o'er.  
 And I live within the shadow, but the Mind that went  
 before  
 Shall be mine, ah, nevermore!

Maud Taylor, '91.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ON Sunday, Nov. 2, Dr. G. N. Boynton, of Boston, preached at the College, taking his text from the one hundred and twenty-seventh Psalm, "And so he giveth his beloved sleep."

At the monthly missionary meeting of the Christian Association, Miss Florence Stevenson spoke of the condition of the Poor Whites in North Carolina and the need of schools among them. The Poor Whites number about two million. Besides the mountaineers there are the inhabitants of the Sand Hills which extend from Virginia to the borders of Texas and are from twelve to thirty miles wide. These are the descendants of early Virginian fugitives, of the Arcadians and outcasts of all classes. They are a helpless almost hopeless people, without education and without religion. The mountaineers are a more promising class. They are of Scottish-Irish descent, many of them having come to America in 1740 during the Scotch Presbyterian persecution. They live among the mountains in huts gaining their support from barren mountain farms, and have seen no civilized life for generations. The mountain climate has done much to preserve their race characteristics. They have the Scotch firmness, which, added to their love of kindred, gives great hope for future work. When they begin to change their development is almost miraculous. Miss Stevenson's school has in it one hundred and twenty-five bright, intelligent girls, eager and ready to learn. These girls will go back into the mountains to teach and do much for the advancement and support of their families. Education is needed, to counteract the demoralizing influence of an illiterate body of preachers, who preach without being able even to read the Bible. They teach fatalism, and immersion as identical with salvation. Many of the mountaineers go each year to Utah. This influence must be counteracted by education, for the days of the Mormons are not yet over. Since then, these mountaineers have in their character so much that is good they ought to be educated. When they come in contact with civilization they will become a great power, for, though they are unregenerate, they are a great people.

A MEETING of the Christian Association was held in the Chapel, Thursday, Oct. 30, with Miss Whiting, the newly elected president, in the chair. Miss Jones read the report of the Missionary Committee. She spoke first of the increasing interest in mission work, and of the many fields of work open. Then she laid before the Association the plan of work for the year. \$1210.61 has been pledged to the Association for its missionary work. Of this sum \$700 was pledged for Mr. Ammiron's school in Springfield. The money thus raised is

to be used in the following way. For the support of a missionary in New York city, \$500 is to be given. \$500 will also be given for the support of Miss Gertrude Chandler in India. \$100 is to be used to send to Northfield Seminary, a woman who for three years has taken in washing in order to send her husband to College and to a Theological Seminary. \$10 is also to be given her for current expenses. \$25 will be sent to the Mothers' Room in the McCall Mission. \$25 also to Mr. Ammiron's school. As usual a Christmas box will be sent to Miss Chandler. The Association proposes to hold a fair on Dec. 8th for the sale of Japanese articles. The money raised in this way will be sent to Miss Judson's school in Japan. The report of the committee was accepted and adopted.

"Hallow e'en comes but once a year,  
But when it comes it brings good cheer."

So sang every Wellesley girl last week in anticipation of the festivity and jollity that October 31st would bring her. In all the Cottages due honor was paid to the day, but, at the Main Hall, the fun and excitement rose to the greatest height. The dining room was completely transformed, and one would never have recognized the earnest students of any other evening in the gay, costumed creatures who assembled for fun and dinner on Friday evening. In the marvellous beings marched, one after another, until one felt much like a second Alice in a second and more wonderful Wonderland. Ghosts, pale and thin, glided about the room, and witches of the most approved Hallowe'en style struck terror to the hearts of all. A gay garden of smiling flowers formed a bright bit of color in one corner of the room, and in the opposite corner Carol Bird gave her Christmas dinner, to the Ruggleses, Sarah, Maud, Peoria, Larry, and all the rest. Robbers, bold and bad, stalked fiercely about the room, and stole kisses from the pretty peasant girls. The departments of the College were well represented and in the abstract appeared very interesting. At one table the taxpayers of the United States feasted together, protectors, or course of the Infant Industries, who reposed peacefully within their arms. They were model children, everyone, these Infant Industries, from tiny Tin Plate Industry, to big, plump Wool Industry. In the midst of the motley carnival a little group of serious, earnest students in scholastic gowns were assembled, preserving an academic character in spite of the frivolity about them. Over their heads hung a banner which bore the impressive words, "Philosophy cannot bake bread but—." Pretty Carmelite nuns looked wonderingly about from under their soft white hoods, and tried to appear all "sober, steadfast, and demure," although Dido was feasting Aeneas in right royal fashion just beside them, and Venus and Juno and, most marvel-



lous of all, Virgil himself, were partaking of the feast. After dinner the girls presented themselves in the reception room, and then danced away the minutes until study-time in the Old Art Studio.

HALLOWE'EN was celebrated at Norumbega with appropriate festivities. A goodly number of guests were present to enjoy the occasion with the household. The spirits who are supposed to be propitious to humans on this particular night were present and told many things that we wist not of before. Melted lead revealed the most important facts of the future, roasting chestnuts took significant journeys and a wedding-ring rang fairy chimes when the fatal initial letter was pronounced. But the greatest revelation of all was when our guests were inspired to prove that the masculine mind is quite equal to the mysteries and intricacies of the milliner's art. New and original styles were creations of a few minutes' thought and each young woman was soon provided with a bonnet or hat of the latest *mode*. While such refreshments as are in vogue on All Saints' Eve were served in the dining-room, a committee judged the hats. Prizes were then awarded to the most expert and least proficient milliners. Ten o'clock came all too soon. Being good Wellesleyites, we refrained from further festivities and, when the last guests had departed and the lights were being turned out, agreed that Hallow e'en 1890 had been properly celebrated. We were especially glad to have had with us on this occasion Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pearson of Pittsfield, Mass.

HALLOWE'EN was celebrated at Stone Hall with the usual festivities. The doors between the dining-rooms were thrown open, and revealed school-children, ghosts, and Chinese, and those representing the tariff, and characters from Scott and the *Niebelungenlied*. In response to an invitation from "the Jays" all assembled in the parlor where there were trials of skill in Hallow e'en games. Then the lights were turned down, and a ghost story was read, which was illustrated by ghosts of every description. Following this was a witch's dance which was very eerie in the glimmering lights which came from the fireplace. During the evening nearly all consulted the fortune teller and learned of their wonderful futures. After a virginia reel and some music the party broke up, with loud praises for the very pleasant entertainment which "the Jays" had furnished.

HALLOWE'EN at the Eliot commenced very quietly—for a *mun* dinner had been agreed upon, and every unlucky speaker must forfeit a cent. For the first five minutes what a transformation! The little dining-room hardly knew itself, as its usually lively occupants struggled to appear solemn and not talk, when each one was fairly bubbling over with fun. Then the deaf and dumb alphabet was pressed into service; placards

inquiring the news were tantalizingly set up; the baby cried because no one attended to its wants and various other distractions came in. Those who usually went for supplies were not to be made to understand what was wanted, and were calmly indifferent to all the frantic motions directed toward their stubborn selves. One table was rewarded for its total silence by the gift of a penny all around. After dinner the fun began in the large kitchen. The Sophomores, by reason of their superior numbers, carried the day and invited the others to a candy pull, prepared by their own skilful fingers, and most delicious it was. Afterwards all the old superstitions and many new ones came in for a share in the entertainment, and when the silent bell sounded retreat, every Eliotite was ready to declare Hallow e'en a perfect success.

FREEMAN began her Hallowe'en celebrations with a family party. Simpson came to tea which was informally served in the dining-room. At eight o'clock, the parlors and hall were cleared and dancing began. This gave an opportunity for examining the costumes which must have tried the inventive skill to the utmost. There were admiringly disguised fortune-tellers who, with the aid of cards, gently informed one that the most impossible things were absolutely and unswervingly true. There were dainty peasant-girls stately colonial ladies and gentlemen among whom figured the dignified and gracious George Washington. There was Topsy with her black and shining face and there was a dancing dervish whose remarkable feats fairly made the head swim. And in the midst of the motley throng, the spotless Una led a huge and submissive lion and Jack-in-the-Box performed his antics and the Winds of Destiny blew whence and whither. Perhaps a little explanation is needed for the pale ghosts and hideous Druids who were rather repulsive than attractive—to judge by the way they sent everyone flying before them. Among the early Briotns, the first of November was the feast of the moon; and on the night before, all the spirits of all those who had died during the year roamed at large and were obliged to be propitiated by the mysterious art of the Druids. So in this, we have the origin of our Hallowe'en and an apology for the presence of the priestesses at Freeman. Late in the evening, the dining-room was again thrown open and ghost-stories were pleasantly served with nuts and candies. But soon after ten, quiet reigned supreme; for the girls were not so fortunate as the bogles and warlocks who could enjoy the alluring moonlight until midnight.

HALLOWE'EN was celebrated at Wood in a conventional but thoroughly enjoyable way. An evening party was held from seven to ten which was voted, both by the girls and their masculine friends, to be a success in every way. After an informal talk and general in



introduction in the reception rooms, progressive conundrums were played for fifteen or twenty minutes in the conversation-room and long corridor on the second floor, after which the whole party descended to the dining-room which had been turned into a perfect bower of beauty. All the tables had been taken out and the floor covered with rugs, while cushions and couches filled the corners. The Hallow e'en spirit was represented by the row of glimmering Jack o' lanterns above the fire place which, with the great fire, filled the room with weird lights and shadows. Here the time sped all too rapidly as the girls and their guests enjoyed delicious ices or hunted for the ring and thimble in the enormous cake; sang college-songs to the tune of the light guitar or told blood curdling stories of witches and their revels on Hallow 'een.

\* \* \*

ON Monday evening Nov. 3, a concert was given in the chapel by Ernst Perabo and Wulf Fries. Those who listened to it must have done better work all the week for the inspiration gained in that hour. The fingers of the gray-headed celloist always bring forth something beautiful, but it seemed Monday evening as if he had never played more delightfully. The programme was varied. Mr. Perabo rendered with his own marvellously delicate touch three selections from Bach, a Sonata of Schubert, and a Menuetto and Adagio from Beethoven. We could not persuade him, try hard as we would, to let us enjoy another selection. Mr. Fries gave us an Introduction and Polonaise from Chopin, an Intermezzo from Kiel, a Nocturne and a Spanish dance from Popper. Much to our delight we succeeded in gaining another rendering of this fascinating little Spanish dance. The evening closed with a Beethoven Sonata for piano and cello, and we were left happy and uplifted. We came away glad that there was such music in the world, and that there were such interpreters as Mr. Perabo and Mr. Fries.

#### WELLESLEY ASSOCIATION OF NEW YORK.

THE Livingston Hotel, at Rochester, was the scene of a pleasant gathering on October eleventh. It was the occasion of the Third Annual Meeting of the Wellesley Association of the State of New York. The loyalty of Wellesley girls has become proverbial. The attendance at this meeting, as well as the enthusiasm shown, would convince the most skeptical that New York Wellesley girls are no exception to the rule. Representatives from ten college classes were present, as well as Special students from nearly every year. The Society met at ten in the morning. The first and most important business was the enjoyable item of greeting and conversing with old friends. After about

an hour had been spent in this way, the regular business meeting was called by the president, Miss Ada Wright, '79. Mrs. Annie Preston Bassett was chosen recording secretary for the day. Letters of regret were read from Miss Shafer, Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Emily Robinson Coleman, '86, the vice-president. Some minor items of business were transacted, among them the changing of the name of the society to the "Wellesley Association of Western New York," with the understanding, however, that *all* students of Wellesley are eligible to membership, where ever their residence. The most perplexing question of the day was in regard to the disposition of the treasury surplus. There were fifty dollars in the treasury. Of course, but two possible uses of the money could be suggested. The perplexity was caused by the necessity of deciding between the "Chapel Fund" and the "Norumbega Fund." After some discussion the question was decided in favor of the latter fund. A committee was appointed to express to the family of Mrs. May Ellis Searing, '85, the sympathy of the society with them in their loss by her recent death. Mrs. Searing was the Recording Secretary of the society, and had been a very enthusiastic member. Her death gave the one tinge of sadness to the day. The officers for the ensuing year were then elected, Miss Clara Andrews, '85, being chosen president. After the elections the meeting adjourned for dinner, which was served in a private dining-room at the hotel. By no means the least charm of this exercise was the opportunity which it gave for old friendships to be renewed, for all were friends by their common bond with Wellesley whether they had ever met before or not. After dinner the social spirit of the day was allowed further freedom while we listened to clever responses to the several toasts. Miss Wright, as toast-mistress, was very happy in her remarks, and then, as throughout the day, contributed much to the pleasure of all. Miss Ruth Lathrop, '83, gave the response for "Our Professionals." Mrs. Bertha Holbrook Moffett, '85, for "Our Married Sisters": Miss Chamberlain for "The Teachers." In response to "Good Old Times" everyone around the table was asked to give an anecdote of her own good times at Wellesley. Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery, '84, responded to the toast to the "Bachelor's Degree," and Miss Van Doren gave voice to the society's hearty appreciation of "Dear Rochester Friends." The Society then adjourned to the parlors to listen to the Literary exercises. Miss Annie Barrett, '86, and Miss Lena Norton, '82, rendered some charming musical selections. Miss Gertrude Coddington, '90, gave in a very interesting way the college news since the last meeting of the association. Miss Lucia Clark very kindly contributed an entertaining letter descriptive of her travels in Scotland. Miss Clara Andrews then read a fitting memo-

rial to Mrs. Searing after which all joined in singing our college song "To Alma Mater" and the meeting closed. Good byes were soon said and friends separated once more.

*Mae Calister McCauley, '88.*

#### NORUMBEGA FUND.

All who are interested in the Norumbega Fund will be glad to hear of the generous contribution recently received from the Wellesley Association of Western New York.

Miss Helen J. Sanborn, '84, Chairman of the Norumbega Committee, gave her illustrated lecture, "Across Guatemala," in the Highland Club House, Roxbury Highlands, Oct. 30, for the benefit of the Fund.

Miss Katharine Lee Bates, '80, has very generously given another volume of poems to the Norumbega Fund, this time songs for the children. The book will be entitled, "Sunshine and other poems," and will be ready for distribution the last of November or the first of December. It will be similar in style and size to the "College Beautiful," and will sell for seventy-five cents. All friends of Miss Bates, whether interested in the object for which it is given or not, will be glad to see this little book.

On the evening of Nov. 10th, an entertainment will be given in the College Chapel, at which a small admission fee will be charged for the benefit of the Norumbega Fund. The principal feature of the entertainment will be an exhibition of the Phonograph, an instrument whose wonderfully varied accomplishments can not fail to interest any one who has never before heard it. Music and readings will also be introduced into the programme, and it is hoped that the whole will furnish an entertainment which will be enjoyed by many.

#### COLLEGE NOTES.

ON Monday morning the College received news of Miss Shafer's sad loss in the death of her mother.

THE next lecture in the course upon the Features of the Earth's Surface and Human Life, will be given by Prof. Niles, on Mountains and Valleys in their relation to Mankind, Tuesday, November 11, at four o'clock in the Physical Lecture-Room.

PROF. Harper will give the third lecture on "Old Testament Prophets" Tuesday, Nov. 11th, in the Chapel.

"French Literature III. Romance of the Round Table" will be the third lecture in the course on Romance Mediæval Literature, and will be delivered by Mlle. Pellissier on Saturday, November 8th.

THE report of Prof. Niles' lecture of Wednesday, Oct. 29, will be given in next week's issue.

Miss Helen A. Clark and Miss Mary Stewart, of '88, each spent a few hours at Norumbega last week.

Miss Amelia A. Hall, '84, who, until this year, has been teaching in the Philadelphia Wellesley School, spent the past week with her Alma Mater. The time has been divided between College Hall and Stone Hall. Last Monday afternoon Miss Pendleton and Miss Montague gave a tea in the Faculty Parlor in her honor.

Miss Florence Stephenson, who gave the missionary address on Sunday evening, was the guest of Miss Laura Jones, at Freeman.

ANOTHER book has been added to the Freeman library:—Epochs of History Series; Thirty Years War, by Morris.

THE family at Norumbega were somewhat startled Friday night by the sudden and mysterious appearance of three spirits. Upon investigation, however, it was found that these same spirits were material and sensitive to heat and cold. They even left some material property behind them and appeared to have kleptomaniac tendencies.

Miss Bock, '90, has taken charge of some of the first and second year German classes, for a short time, to help smooth out the difficulties occasioned by the loss of Fraulein Eggers from the German department. Fraulein Müller is now in charge of the department.

REV. Brooke Herford and Miss Smith were at Wood for the Hallowe'en celebration.

THE Banjo Club met, last week, for the first time this year, to make arrangements for the year's work. Owing to the stormy weather, only half a dozen of the members were present, so that no practising could be done. The club is to be smaller than it has been before; no new members are to be taken in to fill the vacancies.

THERE are five vacancies in the Glee Club, all in the first and second soprano parts, and there are thirteen applications to fill the places. Miss Frost, Sp., has been elected president of the club; Prof. Hill, as usual, is the director, Miss Perrin is leader, and Miss McAlarney is business manager.

THE many lovers of dancing in College Hall have been forced to confine themselves to the old Art Room, of late, on account of the waxing of the gymnasium floor. Every cloud has its silver lining, however, and the rough floor and small space of the Art Room will make them appreciate all the more the "old gym."

Miss Tuttle spent two days of last week with Miss Evelyn Barrows, instructor at Wellesley last year, who is now teaching at the Friend's School in Providence.

ONE day last week, an absent-minded Senior left her room in College Hall, and laboring, under the delusion that there was no one there, locked the door on her unfortunate but unsuspecting Junior room-mate. The



cries and poundings of the latter attracted the notice of passers-by, and the pass key was sent for. But just as it arrived, after much delay, the prisoner discovered, much to her disgust and humiliation, that her own key was lying peacefully on the table, in plain sight.

A PRETTY reception was given by the Eliot girls, Saturday evening, Oct. 25, to Dr. Barker, upon the occasion of her birthday. The dining-room, brilliantly lighted and gayly trimmed with autumn leaves and evergreen, was a small fairyland. Surprise followed surprise, in rapid succession, and the doctor was almost overcome by the arrival of the twenty invited guests. Music was furnished by Miss Mary Fitch, '90, and Miss Temple.

ON Saturday afternoon, Nov. 1, took place at Wood one of the prettiest teas given thus far this year. The reception was given by Mrs. and Miss Hurd in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hart of Cambridge. Mr. Hart is Professor of History at Harvard University. It was distinctly a yellow tea, as one could very readily see upon entering the door, for the beautiful parlors looked even more inviting than usual, with their yellow decorations everywhere conspicuous. Many yellow cypripediums and numerous palms were scattered here and there. The guests were received at the door by pretty maidens arrayed in simple white gowns and yellow sashes, and were then received by Mrs. and Miss Hurd, and introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Hart. Refreshments were served on the second floor, in the students' rooms, which were thrown open, and which made pleasant little tête-a-têtes. There were many guests from Boston and vicinity, besides members of the Faculty, and a few of the students.

THE old art hall never looked more festive than on Saturday evening, November the first, when ninety-three assembled there for the reading of her class history. Seated on cushions or rugs or in the comfortable depths of easy chairs, maidens chatted gayly together, until, upon the opening of the door, a sudden silence fell upon them, and all watched eagerly to see what would be forth-coming. Through the doorway and down the length of the hall, staid Experience paced with dignified step, and at his side, casting smiles on all around, tripped his gay little wife, Frivolity. A most incongruous couple they made, and yet hand in hand they have traversed the path of knowledge together. To their eagerly listening audience they related the story of a recent visit to a newly discovered planet, the star of ninety-three. The tale was told "most excellently well," and the room rang with merriment at the bright jokes and brilliant flashes of wit which proceeded from Experience's grave lips or the smiling mouth of his frivolous wife. Ere saying "Farewell," they bestowed upon each of their friends a miniature golden

star, bearing mystic prophecies of future weal or woe. The remaining time passed happily with music and dancing, and as the party broke up, many praises were bestowed from all sides upon Miss Douglas and Miss Dillingham, for the success of the evening.

THE University Magazine offers a prize of \$25 for the best story of College life, written by a graduate or undergraduate of some American College. The story is to be sent in before Dec. 1, and must contain not less than one thousand words, nor more than ten thousand.

#### INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

THE President of the Pekin University is translating Shakespeare's works into Chinese.

THE cost of the new gymnasium at Brown University will be \$51,000.

PRESIDENT ANDREWS, of Brown University, has proposed a new scheme for marking the Senior class in Psychology. The class is to choose from its number eight or ten judicious men. Each of these men is to mark every recitation through the term. The several sets of marks are then to be averaged, and the averages thus obtained will constitute the term-marks of the class.

*Ex.*

A REGULATION has been passed at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, by which the semi-annual spring examinations are dispensed with, and unannounced examinations will be held at regular recitation hours during the term. Thus there will be four or five examinations of one hour each, instead of one of five hours.

Miss Lucy Ackroyd, one of the graduates of Newnham Hall, Cambridge, England, has recently been appointed "a table" at the Marine Laboratory, Plymouth, England, an institution for the prosecution of researches in marine zoölogy and physiology. This is the first instance in which a lady has been elected to that privilege. She has already justified the choice of the trustees by her success in discovering a new specimen of marine life in the Plymouth waters.

ANOTHER medical school for women is to be opened in October in connection with Queen Margaret College, Glasgow. The demand for highly competent women is continually increasing, as India and the East become more enlightened and unprejudiced. The new hospital for women in conjunction with the London School of Medicine for Women is also open now and in working order, forming a valuable and needed adjunct to the school.

AN alumnus of Hamilton College, N. Y., Hon. A. C. Soper of Chicago, has promised the funds necessary for turning Middle College, a vacant dormitory, into a fine gymnasium. Work will begin as soon as the trustees can meet and accept the offer.



OUR EXCHANGES.

JUST OUR STYLE.

There's many a coat  
In the fashion plate—  
The sprint coat and ulster we see;  
They're all very well,  
Perhaps, in their way,  
But none of them pleases me.  
And fashions may come  
And the fashions may go,  
And they all may change in a week,  
But the nattiest coat  
Is the coat of tan  
That rests on the pretty girl's cheek.  
—*Bowdoin Orient*.

MISFORTUNES NEVER COME SINGLY.

Last week a story vexed my mind  
And caused my lips to quiver,  
Our jolly oarsmen had been fined  
For pulling up the river.  
And now our sprinter—sad report—  
Our sprinter brave and fleet,  
They say is brought up into court  
For tearing down the street.—*Brunonian*.

WHAT ARE THEY—FRESHMAN.

The greenest of green young man,  
That ever was seen young man,  
Simply unbearable,  
Awkward and scarable,  
Ought to be hazed young man.

SOPHOMORE.

Too awfully wise young man,  
A mustache his prize young man,  
Most egotistical,  
Fine and sophistical,  
Carry a cane young man.

JUNIOR.

Would be an editor young man,  
Bulldozing his creditor young man,  
Happy-go-lucky,  
Witty and plucky,  
Always in love young man.

SENIOR.

A pride of the college young man,  
Cram full of knowledge young man,  
So soon to leave us.  
How it will grieve us,  
Our handsome and witty young man.—*Ex.*

A FALLEN IDOL.

I dashed cold water in her face,  
Because the girl had fainted;  
And found, alas, in woman's case,  
She's not as she is painted.—*Brunonian*.

CONTRAST.

Empty nests and fallen leaves,  
Dripping rain from sodden eaves,  
Drenched, dead grass, sad wind that grieves,—  
The gladdest time in all the year,  
Then I met you dear.  
Bursting buds and opening flowers,  
Birds that carol through the hours,  
Odors faint with witching powers,—  
The saddest time of all the year,  
Then I lost you, dear.—*The Unit*.

UNITS OF MEASURE.

If intellects, like ribbons gay  
Of Boston maidens sweet,  
Were measured off in common way,  
'Twould scarce cause the wags to say  
(Although the theme is old and tough),  
The only standard large enough  
Would be *Chicago feet*.

If would-be sports come back some day  
With fish, it's very odd  
How quickly all the wags will say  
(How much on words they like to play),  
That purchased fish are very good,  
And that their stories really should  
Be measured by the *rod*.

If butchers in some striking way  
Should prove to be good eaters,  
'Twould make the funny writers say  
(A joke unknown e'en to this day),  
That their enormous appetite  
Would be, if viewed in butchers' light,  
Best measured off in *meaters*.

If intervals in time of day  
Were measured off in space,  
The ways would make the husband say,  
When from his bride he went away,  
And when she asked in tender tones:  
"How long away, darling Jones?"  
"Oh! not *fur-long*, dear Grace."

—*Bowdoin Orient*.

THE DIFFERENCE.

I ask Lillian to kiss me,  
(Lillian is eight)  
"I — I'm 'fraid mamma 'll miss me,  
Perhaps you'd better wait!"  
I ask Lillian to kiss me —  
Lillian is eight.  
I ask Lillian to kiss me,  
(Lillian's eighteen)  
"Well— quick! Mamma might miss me—  
And if I should be seen!"  
I ask Lillian to kiss me—  
Lillian's eighteen! — *Trinity Tablet*.

## WABAN RIPPLES.

SENIOR (beside Emerson's grave): What *was* Emerson's first name, anyway?

AT THE MUSEUM IN LEXINGTON.

INTERESTED OFFICIAL (to the chaperone of the Concord excursion party): This is the Freshman class, is it not?

BOSTON MAN (who has been for some minutes absorbed in contemplation of L' Angelus): Can you inform me, Madam, what is the subject of this picture?

AT THE SYMPHONY CONCERT (after a most beautiful movement of the Brahms symphony): Lovely!! Only I *do* wish he wouldn't wear his trousers so tight.

MISS S. (at the close of a most discouraging vocal lesson): Oh! Professor, I shall *never* learn to sing. Every time I open my mouth I put my foot in it.

LITTLE EDITH (with a puzzled look): Mamma, I can't find where they keep the Frontwoodsman!

MR. JAMES tries, after prayer-meeting, to complete arrangements for the annual picnic of the Young Peoples Society: "If you will all agree to go at five o'clock, I will see to it that the electric cars are in waiting at Elm Avenue at that time, and then we can all go to Heav—"

Mr. James sits down, and when he can make himself heard again, faintly explains:

"I mean we can all go together!"

STUDENT (showing visitors copies, near chapel door, of Raphael's "Sistine Madonna"): This is Raphael's "Sistine Madonna."

INTERESTED VISITOR: Ah, student-work, I presume.

PLANNING HALLOW-E'EN COSTUMES.

They had been talking a long, long while. Planning to go in the old time style, When one fair maid, of original thought. Said, "Let's go as pine-maidens; why should we not?" Then up sprang another gay lass of the row; "You are, my dear, *pinning* I know to go, But nature of pine trimming well I know; One must *repine* constantly if one does so."

ON A RAINY DAY.

"Come, Nell, hurry or we'll be late to our one-thirty. You may as well make up your mind— which would you rather do—walk or go on foot?"

BRIGHT NELL: "I'd rather go on foot, because then I wouldn't get the other foot wet."

TEACHER: Was Canaan a rich land?

INDEPENDENT FRESHMAN: Yes, sir.

TEACHER (endeavoring to correct): What did Lot think about it when he had his choice?

FRESHMAN (persistently): Yes, I know Lot did not think so, but I do.

## A CATCH.

Behold some maidens rowing—  
Some five or ten or more;  
Behold a lone youth sitting  
Upon the verdant shore.  
Now hear a clear voice ringing,  
As the girls row home with joy,  
"Just wait till we have landed,  
And then I'll catch that *buoy*."

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